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Memory Pictures

By

Harriet Langdon Williams

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In Memoriam

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

These words of Tennyson come to mind as I take my pen to write a tribute to the memory of my three dear brothers. After reading the little book "From One Generation to Another," we were impressed with the incompleteness of the family history. We felt that more ought to have been said about our brothers John and Henry. While these thoughts were in mind, brother Elam, after a brief illness, joined these brothers in our Father's house of many mansions. The shock of his sudden death, the consequent loneliness, the thought that I was the last one left of a large family, seemed to so paralyze my energies that I felt I could do nothing more. But the desire to perpetuate the memory of these dear brothers has led me to undertake this "labor of love." It is difficult to convey in words our true feelings, and therefore I fear my endeavor will be unsatisfactory and inadequate.

Harriet Langdon Williams

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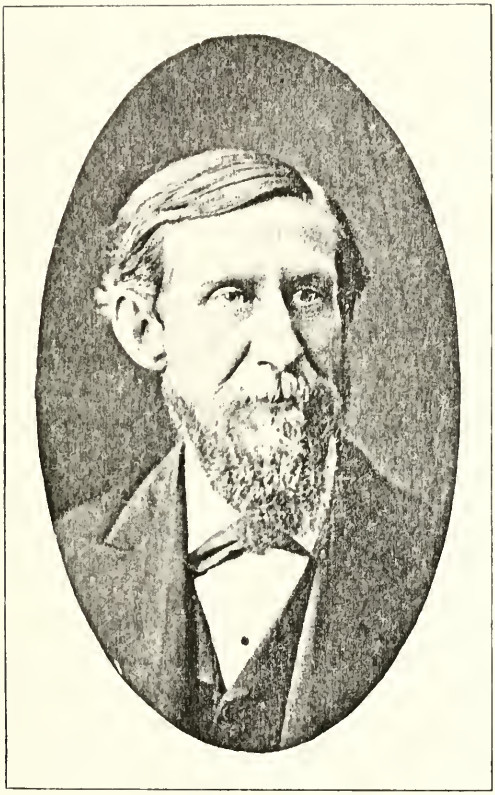


Henry A Langdon

Henry Archer Langdon

Henry, our youngest brother, was a lovable child, sweet and gentle, quiet in his tastes, preferring to play with little girls, dolls and toys, rather than to engage in the noisy games of boys. In childhood he was timid and dependent, not indicating the strong, brave nature that characterized his manhood. He was fond of home and home pursuits; the innocent pleasures of country life had a charm for him. I remember one time when from home on a visit the funny little letters he wrote me about the dogs, the horses, and home affairs. He grew tall, slender and delicate looking, fair with light hair and clear blue eyes like our Mother's and a pleasing expression of countenance that he retained through life.

When old enough he was sent to the district school. After finishing here he went to an "academy for boys" in Cincinnati. Completing the course of study there he entered "Farmer's College," on College Hill, a suburb of Cincinnati. He early showed a predilection for the science of medicine. Our Mother endeavored to dissuade him from choosing the profession, fearing his physical strength would not be equal to the hardships of a physician's life. But her objections gave way when she saw he had chosen because of his love for the profession. He began his medical studies in the office of Doctors Elstun and Nixon, at Tusculum (Columbia). He entered Miami Medical College in Cincinnati, attending the course of lectures, etc., graduating with honors, a position

being given him with the faculty as "Demonstrator of Anatomy."

On the breaking out of the Civil War he endeavored to get a position as surgeon in the army. The Board of Medical Examiners was located at Columbus. When a call was made for surgeons brother Henry went to Columbus to be examined with other applicants. His youthful appearance, however, was against him. The Board refused to examine him and he came home much chagrined that not even a chance was given him. In the course of a few months another call was made for surgeons, and Henry again went to Columbus, and this time was more successful. Dr. John Murphy of the Miami Medical College was one of the examiners and when some one made an allusion to the youth of the applicant, Dr. Murphy remarked, "I know him. Give him a trial." The youthful applicant surprised some of the members of the Board with his knowledge. The examinations were very strict, but there was not a question, written or oral, that he was unable to answer correctly. He was given the necessary credentials and returned this time well satisfied over the outcome.

I do not remember how it came about, but Henry went out first as surgeon to Foster's Battery from Wisconsin. He writes from Lexington, Kentucky, April 10, 1862, "They are now on their way to eastern Tennessee by way of Cumberland Gap. The 'Gap' is in possession of the rebels and forms a stronghold. If they do not 'evacuate' it will be necessary to climb the mountains and get at their rear. There are four Regiments and a Battery." Later on Henry had charge of two Batteries, the First Wisconsin and the Ninth Ohio. I do not find

the letter giving the account, but we know the rebels "evacuated" and the Union troops took possession of the Gap and were for a time cut off from all communication.

Meanwhile there was a call for more soldiers and the 79th Ohio Volunteer Infantry was formed at Camp Dennison, Dr. W. P. Elstun, Surgeon; Dr. H. A. Langdon, First Assistant Surgeon. I remember well the day the Regiment left the Camp for the seat of war. Camp Dennison was a few miles above Milford on the Little Miami Railroad, and soldiers were taken over this road to Cincinnati. I saw Henry in the cab with the engineer as they passed our house. He came out in the evening for his horse and accoutrements. He left next morning to join his Regiment. It was a sad parting: these were troublous times. He remained with the 79th O. V. I. until the end of the war in 1865. Dr. Elstun, after a few months, resigned his position, and brother Henry was promoted to his position as Surgeon, and a little later made Brigade Surgeon. He was with the Army at Atlanta when it was besieged and taken, and with Sherman "on the march to the sea" at the taking of Savannah.

The last of the war letters in my possession is dated at Raleigh, N. C., April 29, 1865. Such a happy letter! The war was ended and peace declared, and the army to start homeward, on to Richmond and thence to Washington. At the close of the war the 20th Army Corps was commanded by Major-General J. A. Mower, 3d Division by Brevet Major-General W. T. Ward, 1st Brigade, including the 79th O. V. I. and four other Regiments, by Colonel H. Case. As a matter of history we know that General Lee surrendered to General Grant on

the 9th of April, 1865; the formal surrender of General Johnston to General Sherman occurred on the 18th; the Peace "Jubilee" on the 14th of April; the assassination of President Lincoln on the evening of the 14th; and the Grand Review of the Armies at Washington before President Johnson and his Cabinet on May 23 and 24, 1865.

I quote the following from the Personal Memoirs of General Sherman: "General Meade commanded the Army of the Potomac, the review on Tuesday, the 23d; General Sherman's Army on Wednesday, the 24th." He writes: "I took my post on the left of the President, and for six hours and a half stood while the army passed in the order of the Fifteenth, Seventeenth, Twentieth and Fourteenth Corps. It was in my judgment the most magnificent army in existence, sixty-five thousand men in splendid physique, who had just completed a march of nearly two thousand miles in a hostile country, in good drill, with tattered and bullet-riven flags, festooned with flowers—for six hours and a half that strong tread of the Army of the West resounded along Pennsylvania Avenue."

As I write this I love to think that brother Henry was there enjoying the glory of victory after the war. On the disbanding of the armies Henry returned home, probably the last of May. I have no date. During the summer or autumn he formed a partnership with Dr. Elstun and commenced the practice of medicine at Columbia. He was a successful doctor and speedily rose in his profession.

After his marriage he bought Dr. Elstun's home and also his interest in the practice, Dr. Elstun retiring to his farm at the mouth of the Little Miami River. To

have a home of his own after years of wandering was happiness itself. He was devoted to his family, almost idolized the two little daughters. But this happiness was as brief as it was beautiful. Only a few years passed before crushing sorrows came in quick succession. In four months the wife, one of the twin babies and the two little girls passed out from the home never to return. The night the last daughter passed away despair with raven wings settled on the home. I shall never forget the scene as I entered the room,—the child lying on the operating table where an effort had been made to relieve her sufferings by an operation for tracheotomy, the doctors standing around, my brother sitting by the fire bowed down with grief. I put my arms around him and pressed my lips to his hair—I could not say a word. I was dumb before such grief. I am sure the Savior looked down with pitying eyes on the sad scene. The cruel questions would come, Why were these things permitted? Why did my brother, so good and kind, have to suffer such anguish? But these questions and many others can only be answered at the throne of God. Leaden-footed passed the days, weeks and months, that to my brother seemed like ages. He remarked one day, "I have lived longer than Father," and it was true.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial."

In time hope returned, the clouds drifted away, the skies were blue, and my brother bravely took up the tangled and broken threads to begin life anew. He re-established the home with a loving companion and little Willie, the only child left to him. He was young (only

thirty-five) and it seemed as though years of happiness were in store for him. But it was not to be. The poor, tired, overstrained brain gave way in a ruptured blood vessel; after weeks of suffering he peacefully passed away. I do not know whether it is an established scientific fact or not, but a physician told me that a transition from excessive grief to great happiness was sometimes fatal to the brain.

Brother Henry was indeed the "beloved physician." His funeral was attended by all ranks of society, the high and the low, the rich and the poor. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. I. D. Jones, pastor of the Congregational Church of which brother Henry was a member. In his discourse Mr. Jones said, "One Sunday a young man came into church whose appearance and attention to the services attracted me. On enquiring who he was I was told that it was Dr. Langdon, and afterwards for a time I was a member of his family and learned to know and love him."

While reviewing the life of brother Henry I am impressed with the thought that there is no life so full of self-sacrifice, so vicarious—the giving of one's self for another—as is found in the medical profession. In "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush" we have the pathetic story of the old doctor, but we need not go to fiction for examples, we have them among our friends and in our homes.

Resolutions passed by the Miami Medical Society on the death of Dr. Henry A. Langdon:

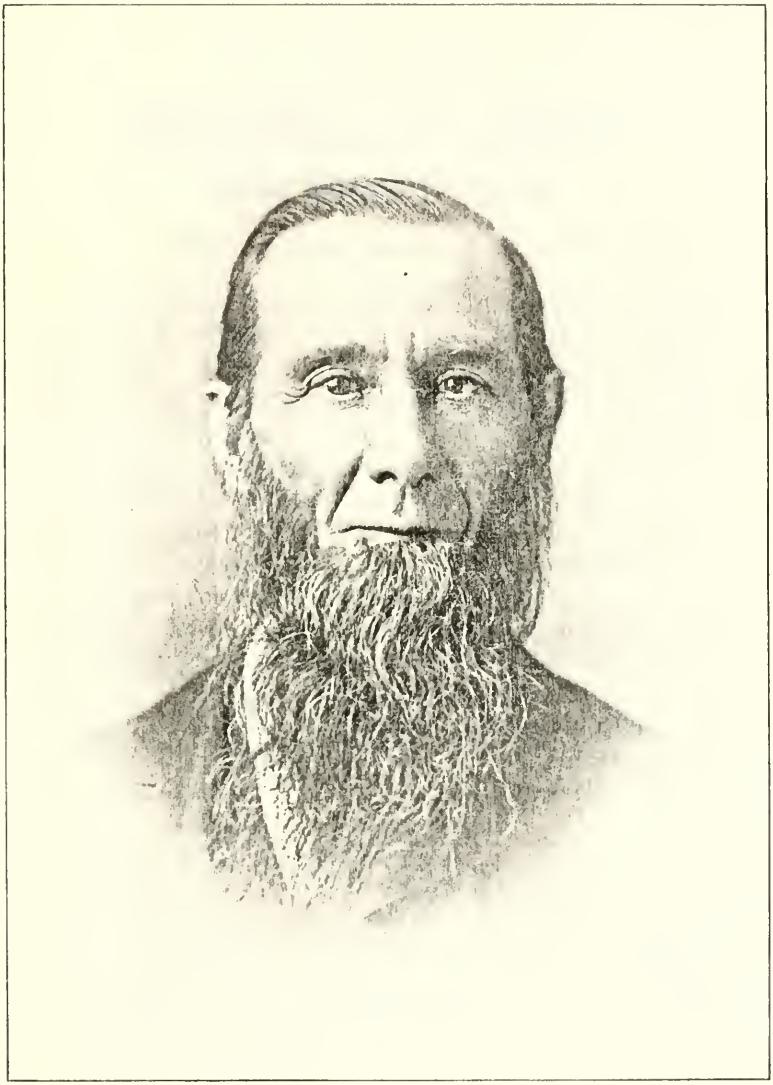
Whereas, Our friend and professional brother, Henry Archer Langdon, has been removed from our midst by the hand of death, therefore be it

Resolved, The Miami Medical Society has lost in our deceased friend one of its most useful and distinguished members and the medical profession of Cincinnati one of its brightest ornaments.

Resolved, That in his sincere sympathy with suffering, in his thorough scientific and medical knowledge, and in the calm, strong spirit which at all times impelled him fearlessly to do his duty, Dr. Langdon possessed in a most uncommon degree those high qualities which make a physician invaluable to the community.

Resolved, That to the community which will vainly seek to replace him, to the friends and relatives who have lost him, we tender our heartfelt sympathy and mingle our regrets with theirs.

W. W. Highland, M. D., *President.*
George Connor, M. D., *Secretary.*



John P. Langdon
Jan 1st 1894

To the Memory of my Brother John Phelps Langdon

"Blessed is the memory of the just."

My acquaintance with brother John began very early in life. I suppose I had expressed a wish to hold the new baby. I was a very little girl sitting in a child's chair. The nurse put a bundle of flannel in my arms out of which peeped a pair of bright eyes. The vision passes and I see a child in a high chair at the table so very particular as to the way his knife and fork are placed on the table. And then came the starting to school for the first time, the schoolhouse was some distance from our home. We took our dinner and remained all day. It was very tiresome, especially for little children. Some teachers were strict and required them to sit with folded arms to keep the little hands from mischief. No wonder the children often got a dislike for school, so different then from the present system of kindergarten, where instruction and pleasure are judiciously combined.

After going through the course of study at the district school John went to Woodward College, Cincinnati. His health was never good while he was attending school, the close confinement did not agree with him and I think he was compelled to leave college before he had finished the course. However, brother John was a student all his life, gathering knowledge from various sources, a

great reader, a deep thinker, a close observer, original in his ideas. Before accepting an opinion or belief, he must be fully satisfied of its correctness and truth, and when satisfied that he was right he could stand alone, for he had the courage of his convictions. Some writer has expressed this thought that what we now need is power that shall make us daring enough to act out all we have seen in vision, all we have learnt in principle from Jesus Christ. It seems to me that brother John had these qualities in an eminent degree. He was fearless in adherence to truth, and in his daily life, in business, in his intercourse with men he was true to his principles. I think brother John was one of the *truest* men that ever lived. He was fond of argument, not merely for controversy, but to improve his power of reasoning and to test the strength of his premises and opinions. I remember listening to a discussion between him and a young man on some mooted subject. We all felt that John was "on the wrong side," but he maintained his position for a time, and then turned smilingly to his opponent and said, "I wanted to see what was in you."

There is a saying that poets are born, not made. I think John was a born farmer; he loved the work of agriculture and was genuinely a lover of nature. When a boy, and even in later life, if he wanted recreation he shouldered his gun and went to the woods. He was a good marksman, but I think the game was not the only attraction. The woods held lessons for him, the variety of life there, the timber, the plants and the flowers. Brother John was plain in his habits, preferring a simple life to one of ostentation, caring little for travel or sightseeing, domestic in his habits but the very soul of hos-

pitality. He was humorous and had the rare faculty of speaking his mind in plain words without giving offense; on the contrary, his very sincerity drew men to him. He was not a respecter of persons; he treated all men alike, recognizing true manhood under a ragged coat even. He was a faithful friend, and his benevolence quiet and unobtrusive.

When quite a boy John professed religion and united with the Methodist Church at Columbia. Later when the Congregational Church was organized in Columbia he became an active member of that Church. Being of a musical turn of mind, he had charge of the music of the church, playing the organ and acting as leader of the choir. His heart was in the work and his playing and singing were inspiring. He was always faithful and regular in all the services of the church, assisting in prayer, exhortation, and was most appreciated by his pastor. In later years his services were given to the Baptist Church in Linwood. On a few occasions by invitation in the absence of the pastor he filled the pulpit acceptably. His strength, however, was in the Sunday School. He was emphatically a Bible student. His readings were along that line. He had a retentive memory, delved deep and then made his own deduction according to reason and religious convictions. The last time I saw brother John alive he was speaking of his Sunday School class, and as he was such a busy man, I inquired when he studied his Sunday School lesson. He replied, "I read it over Sunday afternoon and think about it all the week." When he was taken from us so suddenly his words came to my mind and I thought who could be better prepared, for his thoughts were always good, and he lived very near to the Infinite.

"As some herbs need to be crushed to give forth their sweetest odors, so some natures need to be tried by suffering to evoke the excellence that is in them." Brother John when a boy was impatient, quick tempered and easily ruffled, but after his first great sorrow in the death of his young wife after weeks of lingering illness, his nature seemed softened and he seldom if ever showed anger. He was patient to long-suffering, so thoughtful of others, with a heart full of the milk of human kindness, in quiet ways helping a friend in an emergency often to his own loss.

I do not remember the year, but before the Civil War, John purchased a farm in Clinton County. Having prepared his home, he married a second time; the passing years have proved the wisdom of his choice for himself and motherless little one. Their home was in a Quaker settlement of farmers. During the progress of the War of the Rebellion, when Cincinnati, in 1862, was menaced by General Kirby Smith's Confederate troops, she appealed for help. Governor Tod called for volunteers, the call being responded to by thousands. Among these volunteers was brother John and many of his neighbors. Cincinnati was saved by the services of her volunteer company. After their duties as soldiers were ended they received honorable discharge and were designated "Squirrel Hunters." Morgan's Raid was an episode of this period of the war. Morgan crossed the Ohio River below Cincinnati and took a detour through the country confiscating horses for the Southern Army. He was captured, confined in the penitentiary at Columbus, but escaped and went north.

Brother Cyrus was the remaining son in the old home, managing the business and farm for our Father. His health failed and he died about five months after our Mother, leaving Father alone in the home. Under these circumstances brother John gave up his farm at Clinton and came back to the old home, caring for our Father in his declining years. The old home was always an attractive place to the children and grandchildren. In times of vacation and on other occasions it was a favorite visiting-place with my three sons. Especially so with my youngest son who was very fond of his Uncle and Aunt and spent many happy days with them. In a letter received from this son on his return from his Uncle Elam's funeral, he writes, "It will always be a great regret to me that Uncle John and Uncle Elam passed away so suddenly that I did not get to see them in their last illness. I spent so much of my boyhood in their company and under their influence that it would have been a great comfort to have had the privilege of a few words from them as they were drawing near the end.".

Brother John's death resulted from an injury he received from a fractious horse he was attempting to harness one frosty morning. His sudden death cast a gloom over the community where he had lived nearly all his life and where he had served the people in various offices, as Mayor and as a member of different organizations. A pathetic incident marked the close of his life. When the Consolidated Street Railway Company was extending the East End line through Linwood, much difficulty was encountered in finding space for a "Y" at the end of the projected route. Finally brother John

proposed for a reasonable consideration to allow ground for a "Y" from his side lawn. This transaction having been consummated John, who always had been an anxious spectator of the progress of the line, became more enthusiastic than ever. He spent his spare moments watching the laying of the rails and finally saw the "Y" put in and the line ready for the cars. He watched impatiently for the first car which would mark a new era for his locality, but on Wednesday, November 17, 1897, he was trampled by one of his horses and badly injured. The next day (Thursday) the first car came to his dooryard. He heard the noise made by it, but was unable to be moved where he could see it. The next day he died.

The funeral occurred on a beautiful Sunday afternoon. In the house and on the lawn were gathered the sorrowing friends and relatives from far and near. The sermon was preached by the Rev. W. O. Shaw from the text, "The Lord knoweth the day of the upright and their inheritance shall be forever." The Rev. I. D. Jones, his former pastor in Columbia, assisted. "Rock of Ages," "Shall We Gather at the River," and other hymns he had particularly loved and enjoyed during the long period of Sabbath School work, were sung by members of his Bible Class. The bells tolled mournfully in all the churches of Linwood as the funeral train left the residence and passed through the town to the Cemetery at Mt. Washington.

Elam C. Langdon

To the Memory of my Brother Elam Chester Langdon

"I have a room where no one enters save I myself alone,
There sits a blessed memory on a throne,
There my life centers."

I enter this chamber of memory filled with the recollections of childhood's happy days to gather mementos of brother Elam's beautiful life. It is with mingled feelings that I attempt the difficult task; my pen falters. He was with us so recently I cannot realize that he is gone, that his life is ended, and now but a memory. One by one the objects of our affections leave us, but our affections remain; love never dies. "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

When Horace Greeley was dying he exclaimed, "Fame is a vapor, prosperity an accident, riches take wings, those who cheer to-day will curse to-morrow, only one thing endures—character." And this is true; character, a good life, has a voice. It speaks when the tongue is silent and is either an attraction or a reproof. Brother Elam's life is a very beautiful one to contemplate. In its entirety one of the happiest lives I ever knew. He seemed to get more enjoyment out of life than most people, not because he was exempt from trouble, pain, and sorrow, but on account of the cheerful spirit and attitude of mind in which he received them. Brother Elam was fortunate in birth-gifts, in disposi-

tion and temperament. These combined with the circumstances of his life, I am led to think, had much to do with the making of his happy life.

To me he seemed naturally good. I suppose he had faults, as perfection is not found in this life, but they were not apparent to me. I do not remember them. I think of him as a lovely child, fair, sometimes with rosy cheeks, bright hair inclined to curl, sunny faced and happy-hearted. He never seemed to give trouble, so gentle, so obedient. These memory-pictures are very sweet. I forget that I am old, and in these joys of childhood am young again. I am wandering with these little brothers on the hillside in the woods, hunting for nuts and wild flowers, down at the "riffle" in the creek where the waters are shallow and we can see the fish darting hither and thither and hear the rippling of the waters; at twilight playing "hide and seek" among the bushes or watching the swallows circling around the chimney, or looking for the constellations we knew among the stars—then comes the call for evening prayers. The country boy is the favored boy; early associations enter into his life. The natural rural scenery, the beautiful surroundings, the tranquillity of the country life leave their impressions on his mind and character. These combined with good home influences contribute to the formation of a true manhood and a happy life.

Brother Elam's school days began in the little schoolhouse at Red Bank. He entered Woodward College with brother John, finished the course of study and received a diploma. The lives of these two brothers—John and Elam—run in currents so close that at times

they seem identical. They grew up together, and with the exception of a few years, saw each other daily and were interested in like pursuits. There was an affection between them that began in childhood and lasted through life, and yet they were very different in temperament, in individual traits and in personal appearance, each the complement of the other.

After school days were over Elam spent several years in Brooklyn. He was with a business firm in New York City and sometimes went out on collecting tours through the New England States. One time in mid-winter he went to Aroostook, Maine. Part of the journey was in a sleigh through a barren, uninhabited region and the cold was intense. One bright moonlight night he made an excursion by foot over the border into Canada. The incidents of the trip were new experiences not forgotten down to the close of his life. The summer excursions, however, were more enjoyable—so many interesting places to visit inland and on the coast. While in Brooklyn he became a member of Plymouth Church. It was during Mr. Beecher's pastorate. He was also a member of the Young People's Meeting, the Sunday School and a Singing Society, all connected with the Church. The years he spent in Brooklyn were years of privilege, opportunities and improvement. But at length came the longing for the home and the old pursuits. Brother Elam's life, like his two brothers', for a few years was a checkered one, sunshine and shadow, joy and sorrow. His first wife died a few years after their marriage. Afterwards he married a sister of brother John's wife, this tie bringing the brothers and their families nearer in interest and affection.

Another secret of a happy life is happiness in the home. Brother Elam was singularly fortunate in his home life,—the household, the wife, daughters and himself each contributing to the happiness of the others. Brother Elam was very thoughtful for the comfort of the family. He was interested in all modern improvements for comfort, convenience and labor-saving, and introduced these improvements into his home as far as practicable. He was fond of investigation, interested in the improvements going on in the city, and adjacent country, enjoyed trolley rides on the various lines diverging from the city into the country, noting changes in the march of progress. His mind turned to natural sciences, —the phenomena of nature, temperature, rainfall, etc. He was methodical in all his habits, accurate and trustworthy in business, upright and honorable in all the transactions of life.

In his boyhood he united with the Methodist Protestant Church. After his return from Brooklyn he became a member of the Congregational Church in Columbia. In later years he attended the Baptist Church at Linwood, being faithful in regular attendance at all the services of the Church and Sunday School. Brother Elam was never specially interested in theological questions or in the modern interpretation of the Scriptures. He had no inclination to remove the old landmarks, but was satisfied to walk in the old paths. His religion was eminently practical, "not a strange or added thing," but a part of his life, the ruling principle governing the manifold deeds and acts of every common day. Perhaps the dominant secret of his serene and happy life was his strong and deep faith in the goodness of the Provi-

dence ruling in the affairs of life. Believing this and in the ultimate good, he could, amid discouragements, keep a brave heart, seeing in the dark cloud the "silver lining" and the "smiling face behind the frowning Providence," and he was able ever to look on the bright side of things, trusting in the promise that all things work together for good to them that love God.

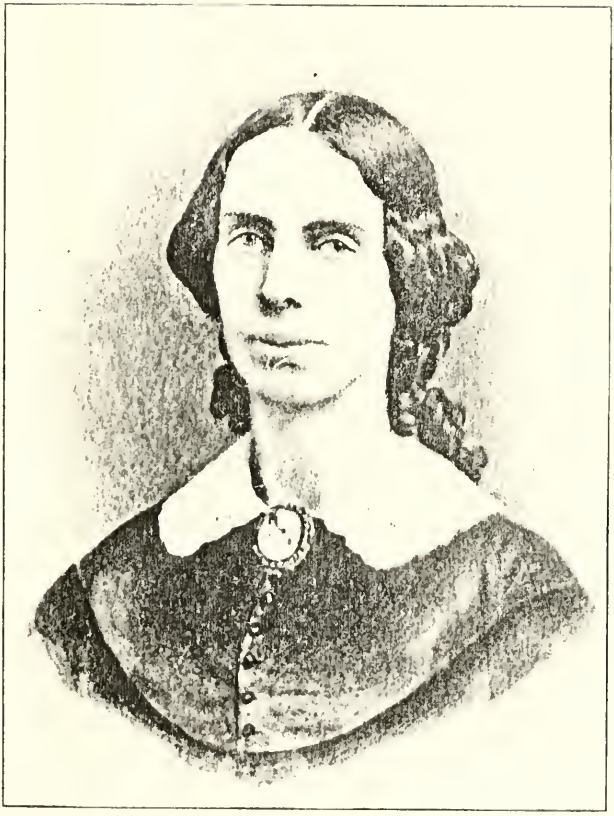
I will quote from my "Christmas letter," the last letter I received from brother Elam. In this letter we have his own testimony to his happy life. After the greetings, wishing me a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," he writes: "According to history, it was one hundred years ago this very day (the 20th) in December, 1806, that our Langdon pioneers landed in Columbia. I wonder if it was such a bright sunny day to them as it is to-day to us in Linwood. I woke up early this morning and soon got to thinking over family matters and of how much I was indebted to a good ancestry, good inheritance—mental and physical—from good parents and how very thankful I ought to be for having been born in so good a home and in Linwood. You know how fast your thoughts carry you when you begin to look back, to our young days at schoolhouse and farm work, fishing and hunting, social gatherings, quarterly meetings of the old Radical Church, the entertaining of preachers, school-teachers and travelers. I never get tired of "Looking Backward," some folks do. I have often wished I could go back and begin life over again and have it all exactly as it has been, too, for, taken as a whole, I've had a happy life."

A few days after this letter was written he was taken with an illness that proved fatal in a very short

time. The end, like his life, was peaceful. He did not suffer much, but quietly went into the sleep that knows no waking. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Franklin Johnson, pastor of the Linwood Baptist Church, and were simple and impressive. There is a coincidence marking the beginning and the end of brother Elam's life that is noteworthy. He was born at the time of the great flood in 1832, the overflow or back-water from the Ohio River higher at that time than ever known by the oldest inhabitants, being ever since the gauge for high water. At the time of his death high water prevailed, covering the lower lands and cutting off communication by railroad and trolley lines with Cincinnati and vicinity, thus preventing many friends and relatives from attending the funeral.

Brother Elam has left to the community where he has lived nearly all his life and served in many ways, to the friends of his youth that remain, to his relatives and family, the legacy of a noble life whose memory will linger with us like the fragrance of sweet flowers.

"As thrills of long-hushed tone
Live in the viol, so our souls grow fine
With keen vibrations from the touch divine of noble natures gone."



Cynthia L. Morrill

Memory Pictures of my Angel Sister Cynthia Langdon Morrill

"Patiently over the road we fare,
Intent on the end we'd win;
There's a hint of frost in the misty air,
And the night is closing in;
But vague and far from the muffled past
Comes a tender, haunting tone,
And we grasp the skirts of a memory fast
From the land of our morning blown."

Looking back through the long intervening years to the morning of life, the scenes of those early days seem shadowy and dreamlike. Sometimes "Sad dreams, as, when the spirit of our youth returns in sleep and takes us along the shining track of our young life and points out all we have lost upon the way."

Many years have come and gone since dear Cynthia left us,—measured by the years of time she has lived longer in Heaven than on earth. The passing years have brought many changes, the old home is gone, and all the loved ones have entered the life beyond, save I, alone, who still abide in the "Wayside Inn," far on the journey of life. I wonder if they miss me in Heaven?

My sister and I were so intimate, such close companions, with similar tastes and interests, that our lives for many years were almost as one, and the memory of these years spent together in the dear old home is very sweet and precious. An early memory-picture is of the playhouse in the attic. One of its treasures is

a little red box full of odds and ends of silk and ribbons, out of which my sister is fashioning dolls' dresses and hats. I am interested in fitting them on, and when the dolls are dressed to our satisfaction they are taken out to visit imaginary friends living in different corners of the room. Happy childhood in the old-fashioned days of long ago!

Another picture: My sister and I are returning home from school, a summer school in the little house on the bank of the creek near our home. The school was taught by our Cousin who was very indulgent. Play and study were combined to make the hours less irksome to the little children who composed the school. My sister is leading by the hand our little brother who had gone with us that afternoon as a pastime. Coming toward us was a large vicious-looking dog, foaming at the mouth. My sister lifted our brother over the fence and then climbed after him. I stood transfixed with terror watching the dog. Fortunately, or shall I say providentially, he turned up the creek biting at the roots of the trees and any object in his way.

Then there are pleasing pictures of visits to old ladies in our neighborhood, and to schoolmates. One old lady whom we often visited when rambling through the woods after wild-flowers or nuts, lived on the hill-top in a log cabin covered with trumpet-creeper, and in summer when in bloom the place was a bower of loveliness. Another old lady lived across the fields. With the thought of these visits comes the vision of a dear old lady with snowy hair and a kind face, the odor of old-fashioned flowers, the humming of bees around the hive, two little girls leaning over the well-curb to see their

faces at the bottom of the well, and the bright sunshine and stillness everywhere. Visions of visits to schoolmates come crowding each other; visits to the "Dairy Farm," with its spring of cold water, that one time in fever I longed for, as David longed for water from the well at Bethlehem; also visits to a stately home, where we were received with ceremony, and invited into the beautiful parlors, where at teatime the gold banded china was brought out in our honor, the china that in early times the master of the house had brought in his saddlebags on horseback over the mountains.

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The winter evenings at home form pleasant pictures, when we children gathered around the large fireplace in the kitchen, cracked nuts, popped corn, told stories, and looked for faces among the red coals, seeing "when the lights burned low, the flickering shadows softly come and go." And there were evenings for work and study, as well as for play, when we gathered around the table with books, pencils and slates. In these "memory pictures" there are always *two* little girls, my sister and myself, for we were inseparable—our plays, our joys and sorrows were shared, and for many years we occupied the same bedroom. One early recollection is in the evening after prayers, when a young woman who assisted with the family sewing would take us little girls up to bed. After we were snugly tucked in bed and had said our prayers, she would sit beside us and repeat to us poetry. I remember only "The Orphans," a sad tale of a brother and sister who had no father or mother, both dead. This tale of woe made a great impression on our minds and is remembered to this day.

Our parents believed in the importance of forming

good habits when young, that a child must be *trained* in the way he should go. Accordingly, when quite young my sister and I went to church, and as we were often asked to repeat the text, and also to tell something of the sermon, the exercise had the effect of making us more attentive. I can recall many of the texts of that early day and a little of the sermons—one in particular, preached by an English woman on "The Ten Virgins." Another text from Solomon's Songs that puzzled my childish mind, as I could not see any religion in it: "O my dove, thou art in the cleft of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice and thy countenance is comely." When a Sunday School was formed in Columbia by our Father and others, we attended it regularly, sometimes walking with our Father, who was fond of walking the distance of two miles. In spring the walk was delightful, the fields and meadows giving various shades of green; in the autumn the fields of waving grain, the shadows chasing each other, and the sound of "the wind across the wheat" were charming. We studied our Sunday School lesson, my sister and I, on Saturday afternoon, and with the help of our dear Father and Clark's Commentary we usually had our lessons pretty well learned. Indeed we would have been humiliated had our teacher asked us a question connected with the lesson to which we could not give a correct answer. We had the same teacher for many years, a pious, lovely young woman whom I recall with much pleasure. In later years she became to us a very dear friend, and this friendship had no doubt a good and lasting influence on our young lives. She married and

went west to live, and in the vicissitudes of these many years I have lost all knowledge of her. As she was much older than I, she is, no doubt, among the shining hosts in Heaven, and she and my dear sister have met and renewed the acquaintance begun on earth, in the Golden City of God.

The little schoolhouse in our neighborhood was abandoned and a larger one built at Red Bank, nearer the center of the school district. The location of the new schoolhouse was a beautiful one, in the midst of large trees, and under their wide spreading branches we played and ate our dinners in summertime. After my sister had finished the course of study at the Red Bank Academy she went to a "Female Institution" in Cincinnati, taught by Mr. Albert Picket and his son, John W. Picket. It was considered the best school of the kind at that time in Cincinnati.

The summer after sister Cynthia left school she went with our Father and a cousin on a visit to relatives in Columbus and Blendon, near Columbus. It was before the days of railroads. The trip was made in our family carriage, stopping at night at a farmhouse or tavern as it chanced to be when night came on. The scenery along the way was beautiful, the journey a memorable one. While in Columbus the various places of interest, the public buildings and institutions were visited. The following winter there was a revival of religion in the Methodist Church in Columbia, where our family attended, that was remarkable because of the number of young people who professed religion and united with the church. My sister and my oldest brother were among the number. The change in the lives of

these young Christians and the result of this revival in the history of the church is a testimony to the transforming power and influence of the Christian religion.

My sister was endowed with great personal beauty and natural refinement of manner. These, combined with a purity of feeling and sweetness of disposition, made her a favorite in whatever circle she moved. In personal appearance she was tall and slender; her brown hair fell in natural waves and curls; her eyes dark blue, with a pensive expression; her complexion fine and clear, with a beautiful brow. This pen picture, like all pictures of her, fail to do her justice, because it is beyond the skill of writer or artist to grasp the intangible charm of her person and manner.

One afternoon Dr. Morrill, a young physician who had but recently opened an office and commenced the practice of medicine in Madisonville, a village about two miles from our home, called, with a letter of introduction to our Father. He met my sister and was charmed with her, and came again and again. The pleasing acquaintance grew and ripened into a deep and lasting affection. When the young lover asked my parents for their daughter in marriage their only objection was her youth,—she was only eighteen years old. To this he facetiously replied, "She will get better of that every day."

The marriage took place in the autumn, a home wedding in the large old-fashioned parlor, with its open fireplace, blazing wood fire and the shining brass andirons, amid the soft radiance of wax candles. My sister was a beautiful bride in her wedding dress of white organdie-muslin and orange flowers. The bridesmaid

was Dr. Morrill's sister and the groomsman a cousin of the bride, a young lawyer from Cincinnati. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Lyman Beecher, at that time President of Lane Theological Seminary. In a few days my sister left the dear old home to make a new one for herself and the one she loved. The new home, with its atmosphere of religion, refinement and affection, was an ideal one. "The light of love shines over all, of love that says not mine and thine, but ours, for ours is thine and mine." As the new home was not far from the old one, consequently for a few years our intercourse was uninterrupted.

After a few years, however, from various considerations, Dr. Morrill gave up the practice of medicine and engaged in delivering a course of medical lectures. These lectures he delivered in the larger cities of Ohio and adjacent states. My sister accompanied her husband on these lecturing tours, and her letters are intensely interesting, telling of divers modes of travel by stage-coach, canal, etc., and hotel experiences. The winter being the lecture season, the summers were still spent at the old home.

In the meantime Dr. Morrill made a business arrangement with some gentlemen to do laboratory work in New York City. This removal to New York was the first real separation from my sister; letters and annual visits kept us in close touch, but the distance intervened. In an incidental way, through a special case, Dr. Morrill became interested in Homoeopathy, and on investigation and thorough study became convinced of its merits and efficacy and soon after adopted the system. He purchased a home, and opened an office in Brooklyn not

far from Plymouth Church. My sister and her husband were among the very early members of this church, both joining in 1848. They continued till their death earnest workers and devoted friends of Henry Ward Beecher. As long as health permitted my sister was active in social and church circles, and was a member of the various organizations connected with the church. Dr. Morrill for ten consecutive years was Superintendent of the Sunday School.

My sister drew many friends around her and the home here was a very happy one. The coming of a little daughter into the home brought more light and joy and love into their lives. Perfect happiness is not found on earth, and if found is not of long continuance.

"Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

Dark clouds are gathering over my dear sister's life and home. Her health that had not been very good since the birth of the daughter, began to decline rapidly. In the course of a few months evidences of consumption became painfully manifest. She was advised to leave the seacoast and try the effect of a drier, inland, and mountain air. Accordingly she spent a month at Saratoga Springs, and another month at Clarendon Springs at Castleton, Vermont, but without benefit. She became so reduced that her appearance indicated that she would not outlive the winter. But contrary to the expectation of her friends, as cool weather came on she began to improve. On New Year's Day, 1860, she kept open house, according to the custom, and received in

person not less than two hundred and fifty visitors, yet at the close of the long day manifested no unusual fatigue. But these bright anticipations were suddenly clouded. On the tenth of April, without a moment's warning, she was seized with a violent hemorrhage of the lungs that reduced her in half an hour to such feebleness that she did not leave her bed for weeks. The last time she was down stairs was on Thanksgiving Day, November 29th. She seemed to be conscious that the end was near, and there were a few *last things* she wanted to do. One thing was the presentation of three gifts of remembrance, breast-pins, to her Mother, to her Sister, and to her husband's sister. These pins were handsomely wrought in gold, enclosing hair in the form of a "Prince's Plume" of five sprays united with a row of pearls. Another item was a letter to her sister which she wrote leaning on her elbow in the bed. Still another gift was the procuring of a handsome papier maché box in which she deposited her Bible, her bridal ring, her breastpin, and other choice keepsakes; she designed writing a letter to be deposited with them, the whole to be kept for the little daughter as a present on her tenth birthday. But the letter was never written, the feeble strength gave way, the life work was ended and so tranquilly and gently did the end come, that those standing by hardly knew the moment when the spirit mounted and fled to the Eternal City whose Maker and Builder is God.

The change which took place in my sister's religious experience during her sickness was remarkable. She had naturally a strong instinctive fear of death. The slightest illness in herself or her family filled her with

alarm. This was not because she did not consider herself a Christian, for she always thought she experienced religion at the revival I have mentioned when she was seventeen years of age. It was probably partly from constitutional causes which naturally inclined her to look upon, and then shrink from the dark side, but it may be that although a Christian she had not yet come into full and conscious realization of her personal union with Christ. But whatever may have been the cause or causes, she passed from out the shadow of the cloud to the full sunshine of her Heavenly Father's face. Henceforward all was joy and peace.

At her suggestion and request a burial plot was purchased in Greenwood Cemetery. Familiar with the grounds, she often expressed her satisfaction that so pleasant a spot had been secured for her final resting place. The grave is not far from the Gate of Entrance to the left of the road, on the sloping side of a gentle hill, facing the west, "looking," as she remarked, "toward her own beloved Ohio home." The funeral services were held in Plymouth Church and conducted by Mr. Beecher, on Sunday afternoon at two o'clock, the hour chosen that the Sunday School might be present in a body, as my sister had expressed a wish shortly before her death that the children might attend her funeral. Notwithstanding the coldness of the day, January 13th, one of the most bitter of all the year, the church was well-nigh crowded with those who attended. The services were lengthy and very impressive with a full choir, and Mr. Zundell at the organ. One of the hymns was my Sister's favorite, "O, Sacred Head, now Wounded, with grief and shame weighed down."

While writing these "Memory Pictures" of my dear Sister I seem as in childhood to be walking with her, hand in hand, or later as companion with her by my side in "sweet converse." As I close the book of memory and clasp its lids, a sense of sadness and loneliness comes over me that is inexpressible. I loved this sister almost to adoration, but I would not if I could, recall her to this life. She fought a good fight and has gained a crown, the reward of the blest.

"Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
  Alas for him who never sees
  The stars shine through his cypress trees;
Who hath not learned in hours of faith
  The truth to flesh and sense unknown:
That Life is ever Lord of Death
  And Love can never lose its own."

Our Mother's Death

Silently, over land and sea,
  Came down the winter's night;
Bearing upon its ebon wings
  A mantle purely white—

A spangled robe, as beautiful
  As the Immortals wear;
And over vale and glade it spread
  The vesture soft and fair.

And o'er the frozen river's breast,
  And o'er the town 'twas spread;
And o'er the monuments and mounds
  Above the quiet dead.

Upon the mountain's lofty brow,
  And o'er the fields below—
Oh! lightly, lightly, everywhere,
  Came down the gentle snow.

Within our peaceful, sheltered home,
  Where all was bright and warm,
Was one preparing to *go forth;*
  But *not* into the storm.

A stranger to our home had come—
  A message there to bring;
Our mother took the scroll, and knew
  The signet of the King.

O God! the parting hour had come—
  Husband, nor child, nor friend,
Could stand against the Stranger's power,
  Nor with his will contend.

We gathered round our mother's bed,
  To catch her parting breath;
But One stood closer to her heart—
  We knew his name was Death.

And from our love, and from our grief,
  And from our dwelling warm,
He bore our mother in his arms—
  But *not* into the storm.

She went unseen; but not alone,
  Dear pilgrim of the earth,
For Jesus held her by the hand,
  As Azrael bore her forth.

And the sweet word she left for us
  Shall our life's watch-word be:
"As I have followed Jesus' steps,
  Belov'd ones, follow me."

We laid her body down to sleep
  Where all is sweet and still,
Where the last rays of sunlight fall
  Upon the westward hill.

And precious, precious to our hearts
  Shall be that hallowed spot;
While by the Lord she loved so well
  It will not be forgot.

Wasted and wan we laid her down,
  Worn out by mortal strife;
But fair and glorious shall she spring
  To glad immortal life.

Our Heavenly Father, teach *us* how
  To live, and how to die,
That we may with our mother rise
  To immortality.

AUGUSTA MOORE.

The author of this poem was a close personal friend of the family, as will be seen by the following quotation from the letter sent with the manuscript written two days after the funeral: "I lost my dear Mother when I was a little child and have not yet got over the desolate feeling that then came upon me. In many respects your Mother resembled mine and I loved her very, very dearly."

Harriet Langdon Williams

Memories of my Life
1825—1908
Harriet Langdon Williams

"When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures, too,
The memory of the past will stay
And half our joys renew."

It is a great truth that when we retire into ourselves, we are apt to call up memories of the past. This is especially true of elderly people. While they are interested in the really significant things of the present, they find themselves recalling more and more the memories of the long ago,—the scenes of childhood, the friends they have known, the things that have interested them, what they have read or heard in those early times. Youth looks forward hopefully into the future, those who have reached maturity and are in the heat of the battle of life, live more in the present. But old age, with its rich store of memories, lives much in the past.

Some years ago I read a story of a Persian vizier who dedicated an apartment in his palace to be a chamber of memory. In it he kept the memorials of his earlier days before royal favor had lifted him from his lowly place to a position of honor. It was a little room, with bare floors, and here he kept his crook, his wallet, his coarse dress and his water-cruse, things that had be-

longed to his shepherd life. Every day he went for an hour away from the splendor of his palace to live again for a time amid the memorials of his happy youth.

Like the Persian vizier I have a memory-chamber filled with the memorials of a long life. In hours of loneliness I enter this secret chamber, shut out the present and live among the memorials of the past.

The walls of this chamber are like a sensitized plate, so to speak, and retain the images made by experiences, scenes of childhood, and of later years, portraits of dear friends, and through the room are countless mementos the years have garnered. These are all linked together by a hidden chain,

> "Awake but one and lo! a myriad rise!
> Each stamps its image as the other flies!"

Memory is a wonderful gift, an invaluable treasure to the aged, whose life without it would indeed be barren and lonely. I have lived a long life, almost fourscore and three years; the last one living of a large family. I am therefore asked to write the memories of my life for my sons and grandchildren. It will be but a simple story. I have nothing remarkable to record. The years have wrought great changes in the world around me and varied experiences have left their impress on my life.

The hand of Time and the dust of years have dimmed and obliterated some of the earlier scenes and circumstances, but my birthplace, the house where I was born, and the immediate surroundings stand out in rather bold relief. A frame house painted white in the midst of trees and shrubbery, a large elm tree with wide

spreading branches, where the blue jays built their nests every year, the yard in front extending down to the creek, the little gate and pathway leading to the foot-bridge, the garden with its walk bordered with old-fashioned flowers and herbs, the orchard with its luscious fruits, the pasture with the sheep and lambs, the woodlands beyond, full of wild flowers, the well with sweep and iron-bound bucket on the west of the house down a sloping hill, and the "big gate" opening out into the road at the corner of the yard. When I was born, in 1825, this was a country place, seven miles from Cincinnati, then a small town compared with its present size; in time of bad roads it was almost a day's journey into the city and back. Now the site of the old homestead is within the city limits, and trolley lines extend out in all directions, one from the corner where the big gate used to be.

My first conscious remembrance is riding down the sloping hill to this gate, my Father walking by the side of the horse holding me on. I am perhaps two years old. In the next picture I am a little older, perhaps three. We are in the living room, a man is playing "Yankee Doodle" on a fiddle and I am dancing around the room to the amusement of my Father and Mother and the old musician. Another picture about this time comes to mind: I am dressed to go to meeting with my Father and Mother. I have on a new bonnet, a very pretty one of white straw, lined with blue silk and trimmed with blue brocaded ribbon. The meeting is at Uncle Oliver's. We cross the fields and have a fence to climb. My Father assists my Mother over and offers to help the little daughter, but with the new bonnet on,

I feel equal to anything and say "I can get over myself." I reach the top of the fence ready to jump, but my dress has caught and down I come headlong on the new bonnet. I wept bitterly, but my mother, like all good mothers, wiped the tears away, and straightened the crushed bonnet as well as she could. The rest of the way I walked demurely by my mother's side, every vestige of pride gone. There is, however, a happy ending to this little episode. In a few days a minister and his daughter stopped with us over night. The daughter worked in a milliner's shop in the city. She took the bonnet, ripped the lining, pressed the creases out of the straw and made it as good as new. But I never forgot the incident nor the lesson.

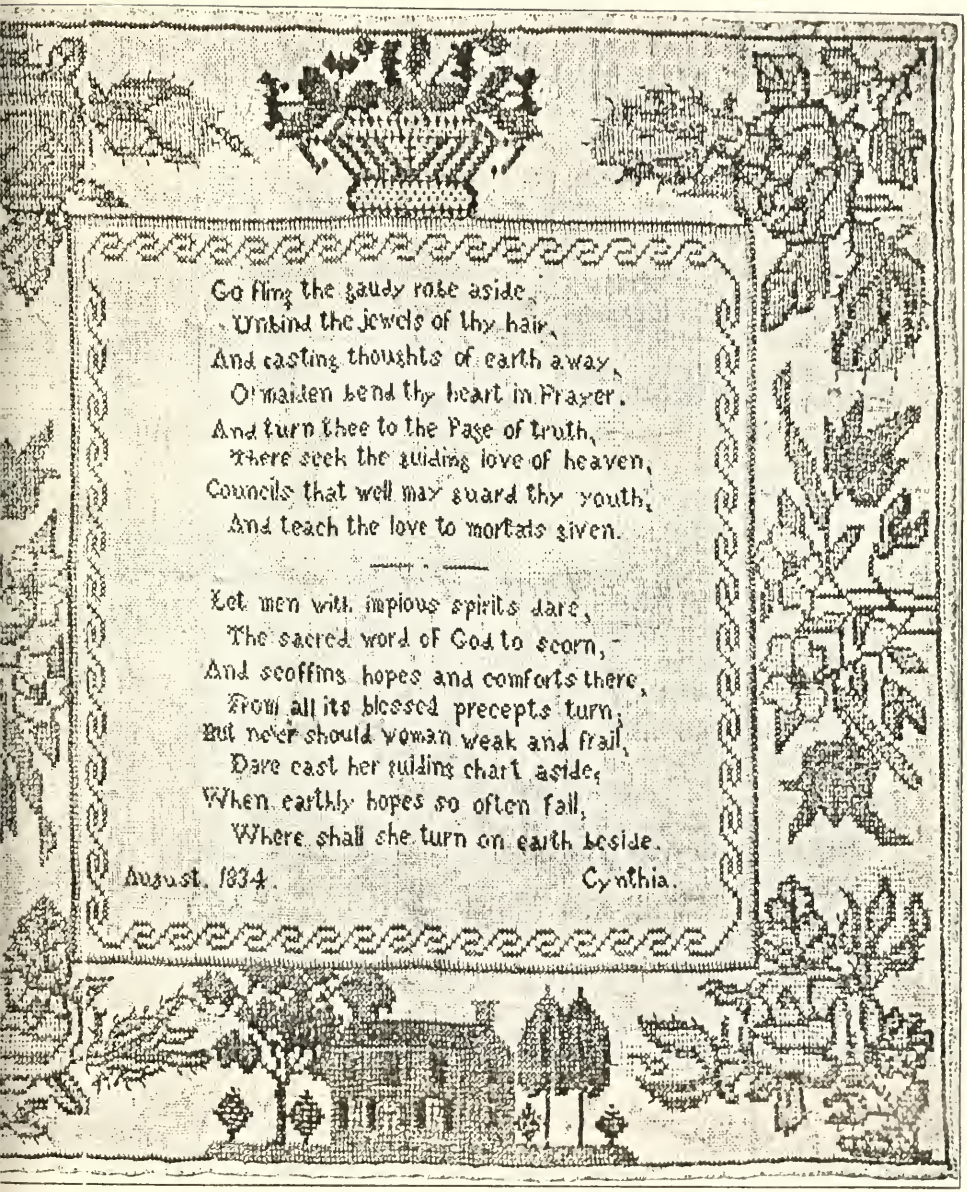
There was a house on the hilltop near the brow of the hill in an almost inaccessible place, perhaps a mile from our house, but distinctly visible from its elevated position, that we children regarded with mystery. At night the lights in the windows twinkled like stars. No one seemed to know anything about the people who lived there. One day when my Sister was at the "Dairy Farm," the little girl we visited told her that the house was empty, that the people had moved away. Now seemed the time for investigation. The little girls climbed the steep hillside, and the fence at the top, and were about to enter the house through a door partly open when a loud noise behind the door as if something heavy had fallen or some man or animal had jumped from a height so startled and frightened them that they ran tumbling over fence and down the hill as if some wild thing was after them. So another mystery was added to the house on the hilltop.

The summer I was four years old, I went with Sister Cynthia to the little schoolhouse in our neighborhood taught by Cousin Mary Langdon. We were taught to sew as well as to read. Pieces of calico cut in squares were basted together at home. I took them to school in a little basket and sewed them together with an "overstitch." Some years later I had a little quilting party, and the quilt was quilted and displayed as the work of a little girl of four years. An incident occurred while attending this school that gave Cousin Eunice and myself in later years some amusement. One afternoon at recess we decided without thought, childlike, to go across the meadows to see a house that the backwater had floated from somewhere, and that had been tied to a tree. When near the house a man lying on the ground threw a stone at us. We ran back as fast as our little feet could take us to the schoolhouse, but the school was dismissed, the teacher and children gone and the door closed. I went with Eunice to her home, it being nearer than mine. We told her mother that a man had shot at us, and in proof pointed to a hole in Eunice's dress. This shows the imagination of children under severe excitement. We really believed at the time that the man had shot at us.

Associated with the pleasant things of childhood are the flowers, the old-fashioned flowers in the yard and garden, one the "hundred-leaved rose," my Father's favorite, now seldom seen. I remember rising early in the morning, when a child, going out in my night gown with bare feet into the dew to see if certain half-opened buds I had noticed the evening before had come to full flower. And the wild flowers grew everywhere, and in

great profusion. Some seem to have passed away with the years. It was one of my pleasures to wander through the fields and woods in search of these wild flowers, and to find a new one was as delightful as finding a gem.

The summer I was six years old, I went with Sister Cynthia to the school at Red Bank. Mr. Lee, who, taught that summer, is remembered as a very kind teacher. Two incidents of this time are recalled: one, the entrance of a mad dog into the schoolroom. I was sitting near the door and the dog rushed by me before I had time to get upon the bench as the others did. Mr. Lee drove the dog out with the broom and he was killed by some men who were after him for that purpose. The other, a freshet, in Duck Creek, from a heavy rain that made it impossible for us to get home. We two little girls had to stay all night at Cousin Charles Langdon's. The next day our Father was able to cross the creek on horseback and come for us. He took me in front of him and Sister Cynthia sat behind and clung to him. As we crossed the rapid stream it seemed as if we were floating down with the water. The next year (in 1832) the bridge was built, and also the Wooster Pike, a macadamized road that took part of our yard, fruit trees and shrubbery. "The flood," as we called it, was in the spring of 1832, the water at that time higher than ever known before by the oldest inhabitant, and ever since the gauge for high-water. In this year also was another remarkable occurrence, the first visitation of the Asiatic Cholera in this country. It was very severe in Cincinnati, many hundreds dying with it. I remember to this day the widespread gloom and terror, and how my spirits were depressed even though I was but a little



Go fling the gaudy rose aside,
Unbind the jewels of thy hair,
And casting thoughts of earth away,
O maiden bend thy heart in Prayer.
And turn thee to the Page of truth,
There seek the guiding love of heaven,
Councils that well may guard thy youth,
And teach the love to mortals given.

Let men with impious spirits dare,
The sacred word of God to scorn,
And scoffing hopes and comforts there,
From all its blessed precepts turn,
But never should woman weak and frail,
Dare cast her guiding chart aside,
When earthly hopes so often fail,
Where shall she turn on earth beside.

August, 1834. Cynthia.

Cynthia Langdon.

child. I was a very sensitive child, easily affected by the influences and circumstances around me.

The memories of the schooldays at Red Bank are full of interest. In the winter the big boys and girls went to school and there were incidents both tragic and comic, outdoor sports and games, skating and sliding on the millpond and creek, the "barring out" by the big boys at Christmas, etc. The summer schools were more quiet, attended only by the smaller children. But they were happy days. We made playhouses under the trees, gathered wild flowers, stones, and shells from the creek to decorate the rooms, made swings out of the branches of the trees, went to the Old Mill to get weighed, filled our pockets with wheat, took walks in the woods. We knew almost every tree and flower by name, and many of the birds by their notes. We lived very near Mother Nature and loved her, too, and our hearts were kept pure and innocent without guile.

Our summer schools were usually conducted by a lady and the little girls were taught fancy work. My Sister worked the sampler shown herewith while attending Miss Sarah Morrison's school in the summer of 1834, when she was eleven years of age. This is the "Miss Sarah" of our affectionate memory.

The winter of my thirteenth year I was taken suddenly ill in school with a fainting spell that alarmed the teacher and the whole school. I remember the frightened look on brother James's face. Word was sent to my home, Father came for me, and that was the last of my schooldays at Red Bank. Mr. Curtis, a gentleman from Rochester, New York, was our teacher that winter and boarded at our house. He was an excellent

teacher and we made progress in our studies under his instruction. On Christmas Day this winter, Julia, the young woman who had lived with us since a little girl, was married to Mr. Fisk, a young farmer in the neighborhood. Mr. Curtis and Cousin Caroline were the attendants. After the ceremony the bride's cake and wine were served to the guests in the parlor, the bridesmaid passing the cake and the groomsman the wine, as was the custom at that time. Afterwards followed the dinner. Sister Cynthia was away at school, and when Julia left for her own home, it was very lonely and with my continued ill health, the days dragged wearily till Sister Cynthia returned from school the next summer.

About this time I went with my mother to visit Grandmother Phelps who lived with Uncle William a few miles back of Rising Sun, Indiana. We went from Cincinnati to Rising Sun by steamboat, it being my first trip on the Ohio River. Travel in the days of which I am writing was mostly by steamboat, canalboat or stage-coach. There were no railroads in the West, perhaps one or two in the East and no electric roads, no telegraph nor telephone. While on this visit Grandmother gave me the little tumbler her father (Benjamin Brown) had obtained from a British officer when he was in the Revolutionary War. As my health seemed sufficiently improved in September, 1840, at the beginning of the term I entered Pickett's "Female Institution" in Cincinnati. I boarded at Uncle Elam's (my father's brother), going home about once a month on Friday evening and returning Sunday afternoon by the stage-coach, that carried the mails and passengers into the country and towns beyond. One Sunday afternoon in winter word

was sent to the Toll-gate across the bridge, as usual, for the stage to stop at our house. At dark an open wagon drove up with four men beside the driver. The stage-coach had met with an accident, and a wagon had been secured, boards having been put across for seats. My mother hesitated about my going, but it seemed the only way, and I did not want to miss my lessons—*they* were paramount. I got in and sat by one of the men; seven miles was a long, lonely ride in the dark, with strange men for a girl of fifteen. I had confidence in the stage driver, for he knew my Uncle (then Assistant Postmaster), and who I was. Not a word was spoken the whole distance. The men got out at the Post Office, the driver asked if I wanted to go to my Uncle's and after throwing out the mail bags, drove to Uncle's residence. Once that winter during an exceedingly cold time the stage failed to come for some reason. We rose early Monday morning, and brother James took me in our carriage through the snow and the cold in time for school.

This winter I read my first real novel, "Children of the Abbey." A school friend gave it to me to read and because of her kindness I could not decline. I read it in the secrecy of my room and felt that I was doing wrong, having the impression that novels were not good for young people to read. We had, however, at home a number of story books. I read at a very early age "Shakespear's Tales." I would take the book out in the barn and sit in the sleigh-bed to be alone and enjoy the book. I had also read "Gulliver's Travels," "Robinson Crusoe," "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," and Peter Parley's story books. Our Father provided us with

books according to the times and those he thought good for us to read. When young I read the Bible through several times, once according to the rule: three chapters every day and five on Sunday. I have no recollection of the time I learned to read, but remember distinctly the first effort at writing. I can see the page before me with the crooked lines and imperfect letters as I endeavored to follow the copy.

Mr. Pickett's school was a most excellent one, very different from our country schools, as it was systematized and graded. So eager was I to improve these opportunities to get a better education that I studied almost constantly and towards the end of the school year, in May, just before examination, my health gave way and I was forced to give up and go home. Could I have kept on a few weeks longer, as I had not failed in a single lesson, I would have received the gold medal.

That summer we had an awful storm, a tornado, that swept down the valley near our home blowing down trees, roofs off of houses and chimneys down. A large locust tree at our door was pulled up as if by an invisible hand, large sycamore trees were swept to the ground by the wind. I witnessed this from the window and in my weak state of health was almost overcome by fright. The storm, the danger, my utter helplessness, made a great impression on my mind and intensified my longing to be a Christian. I seriously set about it, but much of the preaching of these days, religious experiences, remarkable conversions, and the books I read tended to give a wrong conception of religion and of God. Like Bunyan's Pilgrim, I traveled a long and weary way before I reached the mountain top, and in the light beheld

not an angry God to propitiate but a God of love. One Sunday afternoon, after a sermon by our beloved pastor, Rev. W. B. Evans, I united with the Methodist Protestant Church in Columbia. I was sixteen years old. In all these years religion has been to me the most important subject in life. I have endeavored to enlighten my mind in divine things, to seek to know the will of God and to obey it, "to have always a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men." It is the life that counts, the daily life, what we are in the sight of God. If I have any resolution or motto to govern my life it is this: That I will so live as I shall wish I had done when I come to die. I think my Father in his religious experience and in every way has influenced my life more than any other person. I had always the utmost confidence in his advice and counsels. In childhood I looked up to him as to a superior being and never by word or act did he ever lower himself from the pedestal where my affection and reverence had placed him.

To my Mother I owe more than words can express, for patient and loving care through many illnesses from childhood to womanhood, for careful training and judicious instruction regarding the proprieties of life, and for the sweet companionship of later life. We were a happy family of brothers and sisters, in a bright and cheerful home, with a great deal of company and much business going on, each one having some duties to perform in the home or on the farm. The home life was very methodical. My parents, both from New England of Puritan descent, had set up a New England home in this far Western country. Method and system even in a large, busy family gave time for daily devotions;

morning and evening prayer in the family circle were never neglected and there was an atmosphere of religion as well as of work in the household.

In November, 1841, Sister Cynthia was married to Dr. Morrill, a young physician practicing medicine in Madisonville about two miles from our home. As she often went driving with the doctor and called at the home we saw her every few days, and I sometimes spent several days at a time with them in the new home. Our intercourse was, therefore, little interrupted by her marriage. My health all this time continued very poor, and Dr. Morrill, who was our physician, got rather discouraged. One day he took me into the city to have Dr. Foote see me, a physician with whom he had studied. I learned afterwards that Dr. Foote did not think I would live more than six weeks, but here I am still in the world, and I trust I have not lived these years in vain. When a little girl I was playing beside the creek with two or three other little girls about my own age, gathering shells and stones. I gave a shell to one of the girls, saying, "Keep this till you die." With the thought of death came a vision. I was standing at the entrance of a long, long archway or tunnel; in the far away distance a dim light, the end of life—death. Was this vision prophetic of my life? I have lived longer than any of my family with very much poorer prospects of long life. With the return of spring my health improved. I went to Church and Sunday School, where I had a class of young girls. I was also able to attend with young friends social entertainments, parties, picnics, etc. The Camp Meetings in the groves—God's first temples—are remembered with pleasure, one in childhood, the camp meeting

at Bethesda, where we stayed over night, and the rain came down in torrents on the canvas tent. But the Duck Creek Camp Meetings of later years are more distinctly remembered. It was a popular place and well attended. I remember one time when nearing the grounds and joining the large procession of carriages and other vehicles, my Father remarked, "It is like going up to Jerusalem." The location was beautiful and the services interesting, sermons were preached by the most noted ministers, and no doubt much good was accomplished. On one occasion the text was literally and instantly obeyed. As the people assembled for the sermon, there were indications of an approaching storm. When the minister read the text, "Go thy way for this time," the rain began to fall, the congregation dispersed, each going his way.

One summer my Father took me with two cousins on a trip to Indiana to visit Aunt Snow, Father's sister. We went in our carriage, a day's journey, stopping at a tavern for our dinner. The week's visit was full of enjoyment. My Aunt had a dairy farm and an abundance of fruit.

The year after Sister Cynthia's marriage, in 1842, the first great sorrow came into the home in the death of brother James, my eldest brother, in early manhood, only twenty-two years and a few months old. But he had made for himself a name and a record in usefulness in Church and Sunday School work. A few years later, in 1847, dear brother Edwin, only thirteen years old, left us to go to Heaven, as he said. A beautiful boy he was, and a favorite in the neighborhood. These were crushing sorrows, for we suffer most, I think, in the first

great sorrow before we have learned what it is to suffer and to be healed, to despair and to have recovered hope.

In the autumn of 1847 Dr. Morrill, through business arrangements removed to New York, this being the first real separation from my sister. They boarded for a time in New York, and then moved to Brooklyn. After they became settled in their home, I made them a visit in the spring of 1851. I left home Monday morning, April 14th, brother Cyrus taking me to the city in our carriage. There I met Mrs. Susannah Morrill, mother of Dr. Morrill, who was to accompany me to Brooklyn. We took the steamboat "Clipper No. 2," Captain Deval in charge of the boat. The trip up the river was very enjoyable. We passed many historic places, Blennerhasset Island perhaps the most noted, near Parkersburg, where I am now living. We reached Wheeling Wednesday noon. Here we met Dr. Morrill, who had gone to Wheeling on business, and had his company the rest of the way. When passing Wellsville, I remembered that my Father's family, with several other families from Vermont, embarked here in flat boats for Cincinnati, their destination. (Now a little more than a century ago.) We reached Pittsburg early Thursday morning, had breakfast at the Monongahela House, and then took the canal boat for Johnstown at the foot of the mountains. This part of the journey was very interesting, the scenery beautifully varied. From Johnstown we crossed over the mountains by inclined planes, five up and five down. The mountain scenery was grand. From Hollidaysburg we journeyed to Harrisburg, thence to Philadelphia, arriving here Saturday morning, rode through Chestnut Street, a beautiful street, and saw in

passing Girard College and Independence Hall. We crossed the Delaware River and took the train at Camden for Amboy. We fairly flew across New Jersey at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour! Before we reached Amboy, it began to rain and our trip up to New York was a stormy one. We took a carriage in New York for my sister's residence in Brooklyn, crossing the East River on the ferry boat, arriving at ten o'clock Saturday night, having been a week on the journey.

While in Brooklyn I enjoyed rare opportunities not only in sight-seeing and excursions to various resorts, but in hearing noted ministers, lectures and concerts. Dr. Morrill and my sister were members of Plymouth Church, and I not only had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Beecher often, but of meeting him socially. I heard Jennie Lind sing in Castle Garden, and saw President Fillmore in a grand procession in New York City. Brother Elam was in Brooklyn at this time in business with Dr. Morrill, and he and I often went out together, visiting other churches and places of amusement. Toward the end of June Dr. Morrill, sister Cynthia and I took a trip to Boston, Salem, Danvers and Middleton. The day in Boston seems like a dream in fairyland. We visited the various places of interest in the city, then took a carriage and drove through the suburbs, dined at Brookline, and with permission drove through the grounds and were shown the greenhouse of Mr. Cushman, an East Indian millionaire. We spent a week in Danvers (now Peabody) with Dr. Morrill's relatives. From here the Doctor returned home, and sister Cynthia and I went to visit our Uncle, Dr. Phelps, our mother's brother, at Middleton, Mass. While here, we went to

Salem for a day's visit with relatives of our Mother. The old home where Grandmother Phelps was born was at this time occupied by the last descendant of the family, Uncle Benjamin Brown. The house was two hundred years old, but in good repair. Uncle Brown was something of an antiquary. He showed us some rare old relics, among them a bureau that had come over in the "Mayflower." We also visited the "Marine Museum," the members being sea captains that had "rounded the Cape." Our drive through Essex Street was under an archway formed by the interlacing branches of the old elm trees by the side of the street. I went one day with Cousin Ruel Phelps to Andover, and saw Phillips Academy where Dr. Morrill had studied. After our visit at Middleton we returned to Brooklyn by railroad through Hartford and New Haven. On the trip down to Boston we went by water through Long Island Sound, and around Point Judith through Narragansett Bay to Providence, and so on to Fall River and Boston. After this most delightful trip with my sister and her husband, in company with my brother Elam, I started for home on the fifth of August, leaving New York for Albany on the steamer "New World." The scenery on the Hudson was most magnificent. We spent the night at the Delevan House, Albany, and left the next morning at seven o'clock on the New York Central Railroad, passing through Utica, Syracuse, and Rochester, where we saw the Genessee Falls, arriving at Buffalo at eight o'clock. We stopped at the Niagara Temperance House. We spent the next day at Niagara Falls, crossed over into Canada in a row boat, ate our luncheon on the Canadian side, and left Buffalo that night at ten

o'clock on a steamer for Cleveland. Having a short time in Cleveland, we visited some noted places. We went to the top of the Weddle House and carved our names with many others on the balustrade. We left Cleveland at eleven o'clock, arriving at Columbus in the evening, where we spent the night with Cousin Calvin Matoon and wife. Early the next morning we took the Little Miami train for Cincinnati, reaching home about twelve o'clock. Thus ended one of the most remarkable trips of my life.

The year following my visit East, while sister Cynthia was making her annual visit home, I was married to Rev. Charles H. Williams, pastor of the Methodist Protestant Church in Springfield, Ohio. I have no distinct recollections of my first meeting with my future husband nor of my first impressions of him, so it was not a case of "love at first sight." Mr. Williams was a young minister who had but recently come into the Ohio Conference with a transfer from the Indiana Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, and was serving a church in Cincinnati.

The Methodist Protestant Church at that time was very prosperous in Cincinnati, there being three churches, "Old Sixth Street Church," where Dr. T. H. Stockton preached, a scholarly man distinguished for his eloquence and for several years Chaplain of Congress; "George Street Church," Rev. Joel Dolby, pastor, and "Elm Street Church," where Mr. Williams was in charge. It was during Mr. Williams' pastorate at this church in 1849 that the cholera raged in Cincinnati the second time. Mr. Williams and a gentleman of his church went out among the poor with medicine, admin-

istering to the stricken, the sick and the dying, attending funerals in strange places and under unusual circumstances. The ministers from the city sometimes preached in our church at Columbia during revival meetings or on some special occasion, and as they were usually entertained at our house, in this way, either at the church or the home, I met Mr. Williams, as I did many other young ministers. After Mr. Williams had served the church at Cincinnati the regular time according to the itinerary system of the church, he went to New Richmond and Moscow. While he was serving these churches, I saw him occasionally at some special meeting or in a passing call at our house. In September, 1851, Mr. Williams was given charge of the church in Springfield. A few weeks after my return from Brooklyn, he called at our house, having been to Cincinnati on business in connection with a book he was publishing. Some weeks later I received a letter from him, telling of his church work, and his studies, he having taken up certain branches in the Theological Department at Wittenburg College, and also German. At the close of the letter he "hoped to receive an answer."

This was the commencement of a more intimate acquaintance that ended in our marriage on the 26th of August, 1852. It was a home wedding, with only relatives and friends in attendance. We came down the stairway and walked through the parlor, standing between the back windows where dear Cynthia had stood when she was married. Brother Cyrus was groomsman and Cousin Eunice bridesmaid. We were dressed alike in dotted swiss, with sashes and garniture of white moire ribbon, in my hair white buds placed there by my sister.

Rev. W. B. Evans, our mutual friend and my old pastor, married us. After the ceremony and congratulations, refreshments were served in the dining room. It was a lovely moonlight evening, the young people wandered among the trees and shrubbery, the white dresses of the ladies showing in the moonlight.

We took a little wedding trip to Springfield, returning early in the week, as sister Cynthia and brother Elam were to return in a few days to Brooklyn. Meanwhile for several weeks Mr. Williams was away, attending various conferences, and I at home, making preparations for housekeeping. Mr. Williams had rented a pretty cottage, or rather half of one, it being divided by a hall. The lady, a widow, owned the house and lived with her young daughter on one side, a very nice arrangement for me, as Mr. Williams was sometimes called away and this gave me company in his absence. On the 26th of November, 1852, I went out from the dear old home into a new life, and the next day, the 27th, into the new home. Before we were settled ministers came to see us, and my home ever since, like my Father's house, has been the stopping place for them. The influence of the old home was carried over into the new one. With our "Lares and Penates" a family altar was also set up and never abandoned while we had a home. When our sons were old enough, they took part in the reading of the Scriptures.

I felt for a time rather strange in my new home, having never before been entirely among strangers, but the people were kind, and I soon became interested in the work of the church. The congregation was worshiping temporarily in the City Hall, the old church hav-

ing been sold and a new one under construction. When the lecture room was finished, services were held in it, and a Sunday School organized. Mr. Williams was a good organizer and also a good preacher. His sermons were not at all sensational, but earnest appeals to the conscience and reason, never to the emotions. He was very successful in the ministry, and wherever he went the church grew and prospered under his ministry. While in Springfield Mr. Williams was interested not only in religious work, but also in educational. The Public School system was organized and Mr. Williams made President of the Board of Education.

The Bible cause and Temperance work received attention. We had the pleasure that winter of attending some interesting lectures by Fred. Douglas, John B. Gough and others; also concerts, one by the famous Hutchinson Family. One evening we went to see the dramatization of Mrs. Stowe's famous book, then in the height of its popularity, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I had some conscientious scruples about going, but as the minister himself invited me, I consented. I did not have a very exalted opinion of theatres, and thought as a minister's wife I ought to set a good example. I do not condemn the drama in toto. I suppose some plays contain instructive lessons. I heard a gentleman say that the best temperance lecture he ever heard was on the stage, one of the characters a dissipated man with delirium tremens. In my girlhood I read Mrs. Wesley's rule for amusements; it was this: "Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes the relish from spiritual things, in short, whatever increases the strength of your body over your

mind, *that* is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself." At this time there was no Opera House in Springfield, and all entertainments were held in the City Hall. It stood on the site now occupied by the Arcade Hotel and Post Office.

In the month of roses, June 29, 1853, a little rosebud was given to us, an embodiment of wondrous possibilities of future growth. Never before was there such a baby as "our baby"—though I have seen several since. Mothers know what a wealth of joy and love come with the baby into the home. On the 11th of December, after the morning sermon, "our baby" was baptized by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Charles Langdon, for his father and my family, but the pet name was "Charlie," and so it has been always. As he was the baby of the church and behaved so well on his first appearance, he was often taken to church and as a rule conducted himself with propriety. However, one time, when he was three years old, he slipped away from my side and walked up the aisle as if intending to go into the pulpit to take part in the services, but happening to see some hymn books scattered about on the front seat, stopped to arrange them in regular order. At this point I interfered, and taking him by the hand, as the services were nearly done, led him out, and we went home. When a little older he sometimes went to church with his father, and on returning home could give one a pretty good account of the services, surprising in a child so young. A year after the birth of our baby, we moved to a more commodious house on Pleasant Street, and here we lived during our sojourn in Springfield at this time. While living here Charlie was seriously ill, there was but little

hope of his recovery, and he our only child. The days and nights of anguish will never be forgotten. When four years old he gave me his first present, a plaster of Paris dove of bright colors he had bought for five cents from a man selling toys in the street. He brought it to me hidden in his clothes, to surprise me. Some years later my health being very poor I went to the old home and while here a daughter was born, September 2d, 1857, a frail little flower that perished before the end of the month. It cost me many a pang to give my baby up, but I have found consolation in the thought that a part of my own life is in Heaven. Jesus said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

Our next home was in Indianapolis, Indiana. We moved here in the spring of 1859. This removal was mostly for business considerations. Mr. Williams had become discouraged with the small and uncertain salaries given at that time to Methodist ministers, and at the solicitation of Sumner & Co., proprietors and managers of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co., took charge of their office in Indianapolis. He was very successful, enlarging the business and opening offices in other towns. Mr. Williams was still connected with the Ohio Conference and frequently preached in some town near Indianapolis, especially Morristown, among old friends of former years when he was a member of the Indiana Conference. Mr. Williams's mother lived near Terre Haute, and visited us while we were here. His father had been dead many years. He was also a minister in the Methodist Protestant Church. The years spent in Indianapolis were very pleasant ones. We usually attended the Congregational Church, as there

was no P. M. Church in the city at that time, and in this church we made many interesting acquaintances. Mr. Williams and several other gentlemen formed themselves into a literary association entitled, "The Irving Association," and through the efforts of this organization we enjoyed that winter the rare privilege of hearing lectures by many distinguished persons—Bayard Taylor, Henry J. Raymond, Mrs. Gogue, Grace Greenwood, Lola Montes and others, also a course of lectures on Geology, illustrated with maps and charts, by Prof. Boynton of New York. Charlie was now six years old and went with us everywhere, to church and church socials, as well as to all the lectures. I taught him at home to read and spell, and read stories to him. Sometimes we would go to the office and spend the day. Charlie showed at this early age a mechanical skill. He could take apart a Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine and put it together again correctly in every detail. We lived in a comfortable home across the canal, near the old Fair Grounds, with a pretty yard shaded by a large locust tree, a garden in the rear. While living here our second son came, August 13, 1860, to gladden our hearts after the loss of our babe. He was a delicate child and gave me anxious days and nights for fear he too would leave us. His delicate health made him dependent and he grew very near me, so that from childhood to manhood we have been very close friends. We named him Edwin Morrill for my brother Edwin and Dr. Morrill, whom I loved as a brother.

At this time dark clouds were hanging over my dear sister's home. Her health had not been good for two or three years and was now rapidly declining. With

two little children and mountains of snow between, I could not go to her, and she passed away on the 9th of January, 1861, leaving sweet memories, but an empty place in my life that has never been filled.

Rumors of war and secession that had filled the air for months came to a climax when the first gun of the war was fired at half past four o'clock Friday morning, April 12, 1861, on Fort Sumter. The effect was electrical. The war spirit swept over the country like wild fire. Party lines vanished. The Union men of the South were borne into secession while the Republican and Democrats at the North combined to support the government. President Lincoln issued a requisition for seventy-five thousand troops. It was responded to by three hundred thousand volunteers. A camp was established in the Old Fair Grounds near our home. The men were unprepared, no provision having yet been made by the government. The families around assisted with bedding, clothing, etc. These were indeed troublous times—the future darkened by uncertainty and distrust. Business was depressed. In the autumn Mr. Williams gave up the office, we stored our household goods, and I went with my two children to my Father's, Mr. Williams in the meantime devoting himself to business on week days, and preaching on Sundays wherever his services were needed. He, with two other gentlemen, had purchased a stock of queensware from a man retiring from the business, and opened a store in Cincinnati. But when there was a call for "The hundred days men," Mr. Williams left the business in the care of his partners, and joined the regiment formed of business men in Cincinnati and vicinity, among them

many teachers from the schools. Mr. Williams went with the company from Linwood as a soldier, but was chosen by the Regiment as their Chaplain. He also served as Postmaster. The Regiment was the 138th Ohio Volunteer National Guard. They were not called to active service in the field, but their business was to guard Forts, army stores, etc. They were mostly stationed in Virginia and Maryland and along Chesapeake Bay. Sometimes they were not far from a battle ground, the shells coming dangerously near. This was in the summer of 1864.

All this time I was still at my Father's. In the old home sad changes had taken place. My Mother died the year previous, September 11, 1863, and brother Cyrus February 1, 1864. Brother Henry was in the army as surgeon in the 79th Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry. These were trying times. My heart ached for my Father, and I had my own sorrows, the home so lonely without my Mother, and brother Cyrus gone, my comrade of many years. In September brother John gave up his farm in Clinton County, and came home to live with Father and to manage the farming interests. At the completion of the hundred days' service the Regiment was disbanded and Mr. Williams returned home. Early in November we again went into a home of our own, a house on Kemper Lane, Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, that had been purchased the year previous. The lot was a large one with shrubbery and ornamental trees in the front, in the back yard a variety of fruit trees, a driveway at the side to the barn in the rear. The house was on a very pleasant street; it was good sized and comfortable, stone color, with green shutters, a veranda across the front.

Here one bright Sunday morning our youngest son was born, a mite of a baby, but a well-spring of joy in the house that long cold winter so full of sorrow and distress in the outside world. Every day there were reports of dreadful battles and the fate of the country was hanging in the balance. Brother Henry was in an alien country marching with Sherman to the sea. In my affection and solicitude for this dear brother, I gave my baby his name, Henry Archer, and in later years in certain characteristics and personalities of my son I am reminded of my brother.

In the spring, after the long dire winter, came universal rejoicing over the return of peace. Lee surrendered to Grant on the 9th of April—the Peace Jubilee was on the 14th. I remember well the bright day so full of sunshine and rejoicing, and next on hearing of the assassination of President Lincoln, a day of mourning throughout the land. Public buildings and houses were draped in black, even engines and cars. In most cities and towns funeral orations were pronounced on the day of the funeral, the 19th of April. Mr. Williams, by request, addressed a crowded house in the City Hall in Columbus.

When Henry was three years old he met with a serious accident. He was at the big gate at the driveway with another boy when the hinges gave way and the gate fell on them. The other boy was not much hurt, but Henry's hip was dislocated. He suffered terribly. We sent for Dr. Kyte, near by, and for brother Henry. The doctors met, and after a careful examination they found no broken bones, but did not discover the seat of the trouble. This was Thursday, and not till Sunday

was the dislocation discovered. Nearly all this time the child's sufferings were great. When brother Henry saw what the trouble was, with a skilled hand the bone was in place in a moment. The happiness of the child in the freedom from pain was touching. In the joy so manifest, we realized more than ever what he must have suffered. The incident made him quite a little "lion" on the Hill, attentions were showered on him by the neighbors and friends. The four years spent on Walnut Hills were pleasant years. My time was taken up with my children. My tastes being domestic, my home had the preference. Charlie attended school. Edwin and Henry were playmates at home, and they had a happy time together. As we were not far from the old home, Father came often to see us, also my brothers and their families. All were now married, John and Elam living on the home place, Henry practicing medicine in Columbia.

In 1868 Mr. Williams received a call from a church in Somonauk, Illinois, a Methodist Protestant church in the Illinois Conference. He decided to accept the call, and disposed of his interests in the store to his partners. He went out in the autumn, leaving us on Walnut Hills for the winter. The days and weeks were full, two children (Edwin and Henry) sick with whooping-cough and chicken-pox, added to the cares of the home. In the spring we rented the house and turned our faces westward. Charlie remained behind with his Uncle Henry, as he was attending Woodward High School, there being no school of that grade in Somonauk. We lived in a rambling old house infested with rats, but the lot was large, with an abundance of fruit and a

good garden,—a lovely, quiet house. Charlie came out at vacation for the summer and the children had a happy time together. Charlie amused himself part of the time by inventing devices for capturing the rats. One night we were startled by a loud noise from the "lumber-room" where a large trunk under which he had put a "figure four" trap came down with a crash. The church was in a fairly good condition; there was a Sunday School of which Mr. Williams was the Superintendent and I had a class of young girls. We had, as usual, a good deal of company, and as it was so difficult to get help, they were busy days with me. Father and brother Elam came out during the summer. Father remained and went with Mr. Williams to the Conference in Princeton in September. The vast prairies around Somonauk made me at times long for a sight of the Ohio hills. But our stay here was not long. At the fall Conference, 1868, Mr. Williams received a unanimous call to the church at Princeton, a much more desirable place in which to live. There was a fine High School, and so we could now have Charlie with us. That was a great consideration. The church was but recently built, the membership being good, and the Sunday School most excellent.

Mr. Williams was very successful in the work of the church. The first winter there was a revival and many were added to the church. Not being able to get a house till spring, we took for the winter a suite of rooms in the second floor of a business house. During this winter I suffered terribly with inflammation of the right eye, caused by the cold winds, it was thought. It was feared that I would lose my eye. In the meantime

Henry had scarlet fever, a severe case. Revival meetings were going on all the time, Mr. Williams being engaged in these meetings and with the visiting ministers who often came to his study and lunched with us, Mr. Williams attending to the culinary department while I was disabled on account of my affliction. There may sometimes have been a mishap in the style of cooking, but the brethren pronounced the coffee an unfailing success. One of them had the charity to say, "I know of no one, myself excepted, that can make as good coffee as Brother Williams." One day the Doctor left two bottles of medicine for Henry, one a liniment for external application at the throat, the other to take inwardly. It was time for the medicine. The bottles were alike and had been placed together on the bureau. I took up the liniment and gave him a dose, but in a moment from the odor I knew my mistake. An antidote was given at once, and there were no serious results, but we had a fright. The liniment contained the deadly oil of hemlock. One evening the Hotel across the street from us took fire, the wind blew the sparks over and around our building. The two little boys were in their bed and watched the sparks as they flew over the skylight. Mr. Williams had gone to help at the burning building. I gathered in a basket some valued treasures and waited results. There was a variety of opinions whether the flames would reach our building or not. The prairie winds are a strong force to contend with. Happily we escaped with only a scare. In the spring we moved into the Matson house near the church, a comfortable home. That summer Charlie came out and entered the High School in September, finishing the course he had begun

at Woodward in Cincinnati. After graduation he employed himself in a music store. I look back to the years spent in Princeton as among the pleasantest of my life. If I ever did any good in Christian work, if I have ever been the means of helping any one to a better life, it seems to me I had that blessed privilege in Princeton. The large Bible class of young ladies which I taught I hope to meet in Heaven.

While we were in Princeton the General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church elected Mr. Williams Corresponding Secretary of the "Board of Missions." This appointment made a removal necessary, so as to be more centrally located with respect to the work extending over the various districts of the entire Conferences of the church, and to give better opportunities for our sons in education. Springfield was chosen. In October, 1871, we returned to our old home, where we had started life together. We went back to the old church relations, renewed old acquaintances, though time had made changes. Our sons resumed their studies. Charlie went for a time to Oberlin College to take up a certain line of study. Edwin and Henry entered the Public Schools. Edwin attended school in Princeton, but Henry's school days began in Springfield. They were taught at home to read and spell, and consequently could enter a higher grade and make rapid progress in studies.

After a time, having difficulty in finding a suitable house, we bought a large lot on Clifton Street, and built a good-sized brick house. Here we lived for several years all together, until our sons had finished their education and engaged in business. From boyhood Charlie

had shown a scientific and inventive genius; he became interested in telegraphy and the railroad business, and served as Train Dispatcher, Superintendent, etc. Later he has engaged in building railroads and electric lines, and has had other interests in connection with an electrical invention. After leaving the Public School, Edwin took lessons from a private teacher in languages and other studies. His attention was turned to stenography as an interesting study, and since he has made Court Reporting a successful business.

Edwin has also given some attention to vocal and instrumental music. He is naturally fond of music. We tell him he began to play when he was nine months old. We had a melodeon and I would let him run his fingers over the keys. At the sound he would be in an ecstasy of delight.

Henry graduated from the High School with honors at the age of sixteen, and then entered Wittenburg College, taking the full course. He was an honor graduate, his oration pronounced a masterpiece. His literary efforts were always well received, and he never at any time required assistance with his compositions. In boyhood he excited surprise by the use of unusual words and because of his large vocabulary. His orations in the High School and in later years were as new to me as to others. He chose his subjects and wrote them independent of any help at home. He edited for a time the College paper. Soon after Henry left College he commenced the study of Law in an office in Springfield. While engaged in this study a position was offered him as Executive Clerk in Governor Foraker's office in Columbus. After the Governor's term of office had ex-

pired Henry commenced the practice of his profession, having in the meantime been admitted to the Bar. In later years in addition to his legal business he has given considerable time to politics in both State and national affairs.

In a few years these sons went out to make homes for themselves, leaving behind a lonesome home with sweet memories of their young lives. Charlie married Miss Ida Stoner, of Princeton, a schoolmate. They went to housekeeping in Parkersburg, West Virginia, and had but one child, a daughter. Edwin married Miss Della Dungan, of Franklin, Indiana. They have four children, two sons and two daughters. They went to housekeeping in Detroit, Michigan, where Edwin was in business at the time. Later they moved to Louisville, Kentucky, and are now living in Los Angeles, California. Henry married Miss Elizabeth Thomas, a school friend, in Springfield; they have three little boys, and have always lived in Columbus. My sons married happily, and their wives I took to my heart as daughters; they are noble women, good home makers, and yet with the care of home and children they find time for self-improvement and culture, and the amenities of social life. These new ties have strengthened the bands of affection, and in my children's children, as I did in my own children, I live my life again.

The years Mr. Williams was in the Missionary work, in addition to his extensive travels over the various districts, he edited and published a monthly paper in the interests of missionary work, "The Missionary Record." His health had not been good for several years, but being ambitious, he still kept on with the

mission work, but finally he had to give it up and later all work except our own special business. Mr. Williams being unusually feeble and we alone in the home, the children at Columbus, Henry and Elizabeth invited us to spend the winter with them (1893-94). We went a few days before Christmas and were having a pleasant winter, Mr. Williams being in comfortable health, when early in March we received a message that Ida, Charlie's wife, was critically ill. A little later a telegram arrived saying for us to come at once. We left immediately for Parkersburg (their home), arriving but a short time before she passed away, March 6, 1894. In a few days Mr. Williams was taken with pneumonia, and died sixteen days after Ida's death. This double bereavement was a great shock to us all. With my husband's death my home, too, passed away. I could not live alone in the home, and, besides, Charlie and Bessie, the little motherless daughter, needed me in the home so desolate without dear Ida. So the old home was dismantled of our possessions and rented to a minister who preached in a church across the street. But the old associations were left behind.

It is fourteen years since I came to Parkersburg, looking back through the heart experiences a long, long time. It is a severe trial in old age to leave home and old associations to begin a new life among strangers and under different conditions, but my life is not exceptional—these vicissitudes come to all in a certain degree. Our lives are laid in the loom of time; only God knows the pattern; the threads to be interwoven are light and dark, joy and sorrow, and these are needed to bring out the pattern. In my new home I have

found pleasant acquaintances and made some close friendships, I enjoy religious and social privileges, my son and his daughter, now grown to womanhood, are very kind to me, and with them I have a pleasant home. I live by choice a secluded life enlivened by books, correspondence and visits. I have been in the habit of making an annual round of visits to my absent sons and their families, and to the friends who still remain at the old home place. Last summer I spent several delightful weeks with Henry's family at their cottage at Pointe aux Pines, Bois Blanc Island, near the Straits of Mackinac. It was a primitive place, but picturesque, the cottage in the midst of trees and wild flowers, the bay in view; and on a clear calm day, the blue water dotted with sail boats, and all bathed in sunshine, it was a lovely sight. These trips and visits serve to give a pleasant change to my quiet life. I have many blessings that call for daily thanksgiving—comfortable health, so few of the infirmities of age, ability and opportunity to gratify my taste for reading—books are choice friends, with them I am never lonely—and also the enjoyment of the manifold beauties of Nature, the source of both pleasure and consolation.

"Nature * * * * can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings."

In the meantime in all these years changes have been going on in the dear old home, our birthplace. Father, Henry, John and Elam—all are gone. Nothing is left but the sweet memories of those happy years. In contemplating the past I see mistakes and causes for regrets but mainly they were due to ignorance and inexperience and the force of circumstances. The itinerant system of the Methodist church, the changing life, may have its advantages, but it has its disadvantages also, especially in the home life. It takes much out of the lives of children; they do not form strong attachments to the birthplace; and it is as trying to children to go among strangers as it is to grown people. The evening we arrived at Springfield from Princeton, I remember Henry sadly saying, "I don't know anybody here." Children have a little world of their own and we do not always realize their feelings nor what they suffer mentally.

We say, "happy childhood," but is it always so? Only a few days ago I read something that impressed me.

Mr. Rarey, the famous horse tamer, tells us that he has known an angry word to raise the pulse of a horse ten beats a minute. Think how it must affect a child. Grown people in a sense can care for themselves, but children are at the mercy of those around them. If I could live my life over, I am sure I could improve on past experience.

In spite of removals we had a happy life. It is the family life that makes the real home, and this is not dependent on place or circumstance.

"Outside fall the snowflakes lightly,
Through the night loud roars the storm,
In the home the fire burns brightly,
And 'tis cosy, silent, warm."

The true pleasures of home are not without, but within, and so with husband and children my home was next to heaven. And there are pleasant home pictures, of evenings with my little sons, their funny doings and sayings, plays, games, story-telling, readings, studies, etc. The walks on pleasant days, the rides with their father into the country to visit families of the church and congregation, all these are pleasant memories to recall. The years between the setting up of the new home and the breaking up of the old, are the sweetest of my life. But the years were not all sunshine—there was an admixture of light and shade, sad experiences to live through and trials to meet and overcome. We had a great deal of company, mostly ministers, the best of company. Our sons were fond of going into their father's study to listen to conversations enlivened with humor and adventure as well as to discussions on theology. The latter evidently fell on "stony ground," as they have never shown any special interest in theological subjects, unless I except Edwin. He has, as his grandfather said of him, "an enquiring mind" and has delved deep into religious subjects, studied divers religions. The result has been to make him a good man with broad Christian charity and a reverence for Divine Truth divested of all ecclesiasticism and dogma. The other two sons under these religious influences have lived pure, good lives, have become members of the church and served it in various ways as their services

seemed needed or circumstances required. From infancy to manhood these sons have been my close companions, their interests were mine also, and I have their perfect confidence. They are not perfect men,—perfection is not found in human nature—but they have never given me cause for real sorrow or humiliation. Whatever they have accomplished in business, the credit is due to themselves, as they have never had financial or influential support except as their abilities became known and recognized.

There are sweet memories connected with all the homes where we have lived. But I think my sons will look back to the home on Clifton street, where we lived longer than at any other place, as the real home, and the years spent there together will be held in sweet remembrance.

I have related some of the events and circumstances of my life, the visible manifestations of the undercurrent. Our lives are two-fold: the inner life sustaining the sorrows, disappointments, heartaches, nights of anguish over sick beds and bereavements, and also the joys of life, its pleasures, the days of heaven on earth, the resting in green pastures and beside still waters. Who can tell the secrets of this intimate life at the heart of our being known only to God and ourselves? The philosopher tells us that not an atom in creation touches another atom. They only approach at a certain distance, then the attraction ceases and an invisible something repels—they only *seem* to touch,—so in life no soul touches another soul except at one or two points, and these chiefly external,—a fearful and lonely thought, but one of the truest in life. In the central deeps of our being we are alone.

In my girlhood with two young friends I visited a Picture Gallery in Cincinnati. The walls were lined with pictures. I remember but three or four. One of them Cole's famous paintings, a series of four large pictures: "Infancy," "Youth," "Manhood," and "Old Age," all symbolizing "The Voyage of Life." Infancy, a child in a boat floating down the stream, the guardian angel at the prow, the most beautiful flowers everywhere along the banks, under the trees and twining around them. Youth, in the boat sailing towards the "Castle in the Air," the guardian angel on the bank, flowers in profusion, but no so many. Manhood, standing erect, managing the boat himself, flowers, but still fewer, more of the sternness of life represented. Old Age, lying in the bottom of the boat, drifting helplessly towards the precipice, no flowers, barren rocks along the stream,—a cheerless picture. I have passed through all these stages of life and am now in "Old Age," but my experience does not agree with the picture. It is true—

> "Old age is still old age;
> It is not strength, but weakness,
> It is the waning, not the crescent moon,
> The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon."

However, I find flowers along my pathway, a loving word, a friendly call, messages and sweet remembrances from absent friends, and the unutterable love and kindness of my three sons and of their wives and their children are the glory and crown of my old age. Hopefully and trustingly looking to the future, I commit myself to the care of my Heavenly Father, whom I have endeavored to serve and honor all these years.

"I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise;
I only know that life and death
His mercy underlies.
I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

Harriet Livingston Williams

Parkersburg W. Va.

March 1908

THE END.

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